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*The Story of  
Marie de Rozel  
Huguenot*



*by Alicia Aspinwall*

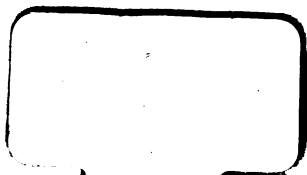
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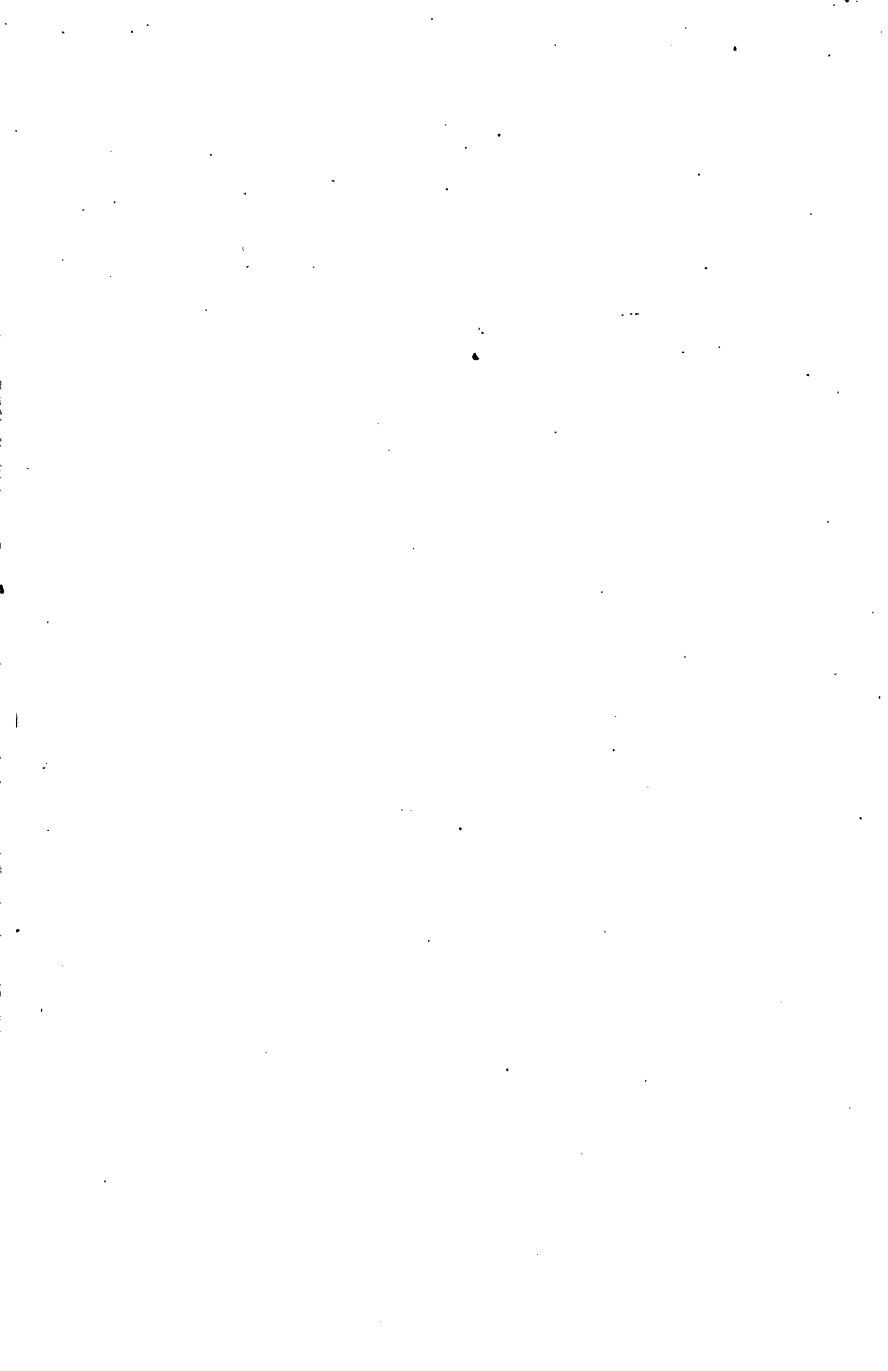
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**THE STORY OF  
MARIE DE ROZEL  
HUGUENOT**









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THE STORY OF  
MARIE DE ROZEL  
HUGUENOT

BY  
ALICIA ASPINWALL  
=  
AUTHOR OF  
"SHORT STORIES FOR SHORT PEOPLE"



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DEDICATED  
TO  
THE DESCENDANTS  
OF  
MARIE DE ROZEL



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PREFATORY NOTE

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**I**N writing this true story of a girl who lived so many years ago, the author feels that inaccuracies and misstatements may have crept in, and for them she asks the reader's indulgence.

The descendants of little Marie de Rozel live now in many lands, and to them this book has been dedicated by the author, who hopes that they may read with interest the simple story of her life.

ALICIA ASPINWALL

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

May, 1906



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THE STORY OF  
MARIE DE ROZEL  
HUGUENOT

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THROUGH the dim curved glass of the miniature-ring the sweet young face peers out wistfully at me.

The soft brown hair, with its string of lustrous pearls wound in and out, is drawn lightly back from the white brow, and piled preposterously high in the fashion of the times. One rebellious curl, brought coquettishly forward, rests upon the tender white neck. Her eyes are large and appealing, with a merry, mischievous gleam, which, however, is quickly contradicted by the sweet, pathetically curved mouth beneath.



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THE STORY OF

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A woman to be loved and to be honored,— and to be obeyed; always and emphatically to be obeyed.

Across the separating years, the brilliant, virile face of this girl of long ago calls to me. The appealing, insistent present fades, while one by one the years roll back, till the dim past becomes as the present, and before me passes clearly the life-story of Marie de Rozel.

On the thirteenth of April, 1598, Henry of Navarre, succeeding to the throne of France, signed the famous Edict of Nantes, by which Protestants throughout the land were given freedom to worship in their own churches, while their old rights

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MARIE DE ROZEL-HUGUENOT

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were enlarged and new ones added thereunto.

Almost a hundred years later, after unwarranted and cruel persecution of the Huguenots, Louis the Fourteenth, being old and superstitious, and instigated by Madame de Maintenon and his confessor, Lachaise, in October, 1685, revoked the edict.

By this shameful act he caused the flight of hundreds of thousands of Huguenots, — most of them men of intelligence and industry, whom France could ill spare. Black days came upon the country. Marriages were annulled, children deprived of their rights of inheritance, and against their will put into convents. Bodies of troops, accompanied by fanatical monks, passed

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THE STORY OF

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like a devastating flood through the land, destroying churches and all property of heretics, and killing the preachers and Huguenot leaders.

But, in spite of this, notwithstanding years of cruel and malignant persecution, there were, in seventeen hundred and fifteen, about two million people living in France, who remained true to the Protestant faith.

In the southern part of France, in the Province of Bretagne, upon a high, commanding bluff, overlooking miles upon miles of smiling green valleys with their nestling hamlets, stood the grey old "Château Rozel." Buffeted by the storms of centuries, ardently caressed by the hot summer suns, "for better, for worse,"

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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the old stone castle had stood there through the years, clinging grimly to the bare rocks,—its gaunt sentinels, the poplars, standing ever on guard at the back. No one remembered when the old stone castle was built. Those were matters of too long ago,—why question when one could see that the château, like the mountains themselves, had obviously *always* been there. And in the then condition of France—ciel! but there were other matters to think of. En garde! One knew one's self, but one's neighbor would always bear watching.

So said the peasant inhabitants of the near-by hamlet of Rozel, most of them humble tenants of "Monsieur,"—not of "Mon-

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THE STORY OF

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sieur" now, hélas, for poor Henri Louis d'Ortant de Rozel had been killed at Nîmes one year ago. And when this terrible news was brought to Mme. de Rozel, it proved her death-blow, and although for the sake of her children, to whom she was tenderly attached, she made a brave struggle, yet before the spring came she had gone to her husband, dying, as truly as did he, "for the Cause."

Marie, the eldest child, a girl of sixteen, and her two little brothers, had lived on, till their affairs were settled, in the beautiful château, the last surviving members of this old and active Huguenot family, who, through money and influence, had incurred the

bitter hatred of their Catholic enemies.

On a bright spring-like day of late October, in a sunny room in the château, buried in a motherly armchair, sat Marie, telling a fairy-story to her brothers, two beautiful children, who crouched at her feet, spellbound, breathless.

One, the youngest, was a sunny-faced, golden-haired little lad, just stepping from babyhood to childhood, but who had to be constantly reminded of that important fact, lest he should commit acts not seemly in one of his advanced years. The other one, Louis, was a slender, delicate-looking boy of seven, with a rarely beautiful face, — sensitive, old beyond his years, with, alas,

something of the child-look gone from him; for he had seen more than a child should see, and had suffered the sorrows of the grown people about him. But now, for the moment, he was a little child again, enjoying to the full the enchantingly gruesome tale which his sister was unfolding.

“For this OGRE, you know,” said the sweet voice, “was large, children, oh, *very* large, and a particularly and unusually terrible creature in every way. His temper was so cross that you could *cut* it, and so *great*, that strong as he was, he was barely able to carry it about with him, and often — lost it entirely!”

“Oh, p’tite Maman, he must have been a awful Ogre,” gasped the little boys, appreciatively.

“He *was*,” said Marie, “and worse than that, for he —”

At this point, without warning, the door at the long room where they sat suddenly burst open with a crash, and Mère Charette, Marie’s foster-mother, rushed in breathless, dishevelled, and with a loud cry threw herself on the ground before her young mistress.

“They have come! Oh, my God, the soldiers have come,” she moaned.

With a frightened cry, Marie, looking pitifully young in her deep black, rose and faced the bearer of ill-tidings.

“Children,” she commanded, “leave the room.”

“Ah, no, ma Sœur,” pleaded Louis, “Henri is young and can-



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THE STORY OF

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not understand, so may remain, while I—ah, thou knowest, p'tite Maman, that I am no longer young, but I am the Head of the Family, and it is my privilege to remain. Yes? Let me, I pray thee, hear what Mère Charette says.”

“Thou art right, child. Remain. And now, ma Mère, tell me just what has happened.”

Choked with emotion, interrupted by sobs, the peasant-woman repeated what she had learned from her nephew Baptiste, who that morning, at some risk to himself, had ridden over to her from the fortified coast-town of St. Malo. It seemed that the soldiers were coming that day to attack the hated château. It was to be confiscated, taken

by the crown, and they, the family, were — well, Heaven knew what might be in store for them.

“ Oh, my baby, my pretty, what wilt thou do? ” moaned the poor woman, wringing her hands in agony. “ They are many; thou canst never escape them. Thou so young, so beautiful! Ah, mon Dieu! ”

Trembling with terror, with white, drawn face, poor little Marie had listened to this ill news. Her slender shoulders were indeed unfitted to bear the tremendous burden of responsibility which had been suddenly thrust upon them.

“ And when, ma Mère, did Baptiste say they were coming — our enemies? ” she asked.

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THE STORY OF

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“At once, chère, at once. He only learned the news by accident, and the poor horse that bore him to me was covered with foam and blood, so fast had he come! They, the soldiers, are on the way.”

Running to the casement-window, she threw wide the shutters.

“From here we should see them, long ere they arrive.”

The fair land lay peacefully before them, a silvery haze over all. No one was in sight. The soft breeze bore to them the sweet, clear song of a solitary bird, protesting against the stillness.

But, even as they stood, the breeze brought another sound, and the bird's song ended in one

high, shrill note of affright, while from afar the distant but unmistakable sound of a bugle-call rang out!

Too late then. Escape in that direction was cut off, for now the faint sound of galloping horses was borne to them, though as yet they could see no one. *Mère Charette* threw herself on the ground, cowering in terror.

Then little Marie, child though she was (but the child of her father), acted.

“There is no time to be lost. Thou, *ma Mère*, run by the woodland path to thy cottage,” she commanded. “I shall hide the two children here in the *château*, returning for them later, as 'tis too late for their little legs to run the distance,” and pitiful tears

filled her eyes. "After having disposed of them, I will come to thee. Send my foster-sister up the road to Paul's, where let her remain, and I will be Suzanne, thy daughter, for the day;" and Marie kissed the loving, anxious old face before her. "Now as thou lovest me, fly, for see, there are the soldiers themselves, just rounding the bend in the valley yonder," and she pointed a trembling finger in their direction. Mère Charette, though not built for "flying," went faster than she had gone for years, borne on by love for her child.

In the dark, carved panelling of the big hall there was a small secret closet. Into this Marie put Louis, giving him a fur robe, which he was told to draw over

himself, in case the soldiers discovered the hidden spring. Understanding fully what discovery would mean, Louis, as he kissed his "p'tite Maman," promised absolute silence.

To hide mercurial little Henri proved a much more difficult matter; but at last, by working upon his fears, his sister induced him to get into the big bed in his mother's room, and drew the bed-clothes smoothly over the small body, then with a terrified prayer for the safety of the two boys, she hurried away by the back entrance of the château.

A small black bag worn round her neck contained what money she had, and as she passed through the great south hall, in which meals were taken, she

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THE STORY OF

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seized an antique silver cup, bearing on its side their crest, and in which generations of De Rozels had been christened. Through the now deserted kitchen and servants' quarters, and through the quaint, prim garden, still glowing with late flowers, she hurried unseen, spurred on by the noise of galloping horses, which sounded ever nearer. By the time the soldiers had reached the front of the château, however, Marie had gained the woodland path, and had run like a deer to her foster-mother's house. Arrived there, she quickly removed her clothes, which, by her direction, Mère Charette threw into the well. Braiding her rebellious hair into two stiff braids, according to the custom of the

peasant-girl of the day, she thrust her slender little feet into wooden shoes, and donned the short red skirt and grey waist so recently shed by Suzanne, her foster-sister.

“And now, ma Mère, behold thy daughter,” she said.

But Mère Charette was far from satisfied at the dainty apparition before her.

“No, no,” she said in despair, “the clothes are right, but, hélas, in them thou art still Mademoiselle de Rozel. Thy arms, thy hands have the whiteness of snow. But stay, that at least we can remedy.” And seizing the girl, she hurried her to the outer kitchen, and taking the cover from a big pot hanging by a crane over the smouldering



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THE STORY OF

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fire, she instructed her to put her arms well down into its brown, tepid contents. "'T was a happy thought," she murmured, "that I chose this day to dye Suzanne's skirt. 'T is walnut-dye, my pretty, and will wear off when the need is by," and drying the soft round arms of her charge, Mère Charette looked with satisfaction at the result.

"Oh, ma Mère, dost thou suppose the children will be found?" asked Marie. "If it so happen, I will throw myself at the commander's feet, and implore him to release them; they are but children, helpless little children."

"Chut, chut," said the peasant-woman, "thou wilt do nothing so foolish, so wicked. In the first place, thy prayers would not be

granted, and thou wouldst but lose thy own liberty.”

“Then be it so. I would at least be with them.”

“Na, na, chérie, thou wouldst be separated. Thy only hope lies in keeping thy own liberty; then mayst thou work to liberate them.”

“Thou art right, ma Mère— and I will not lose heart, for as yet they are not discovered.”

Meanwhile, at the château, the soldiers, headed by Lieutenant Philippe de Larcy, had effected an entrance, and were wandering about, gazing awestruck at the beautiful old house.

“Servants gone, all in confusion; evidently word has been brought and the family have escaped,” said the lieutenant,

angrily. "But they cannot be far away, so hurry, my men, and we will pursue them. To bring with us the three children, the last surviving members of this pestilent heretic brood, would be indeed a triumph in which you, too, would share."

Spurred on by the hope of reward, the men hurried through one tapestried room after another, by priceless art-treasures, of whose value they were fortunately ignorant. By order, in this case, they touched nothing. The Château Rozel was one of the most beautiful in the provinces, and presented intact to His Most Christian Majesty, Louis the Fourteenth, by a faithful, zealous servant, was well worth a rich reward.

The last room to be entered was that of Madame de Rozel. A search in the closet, a hurried look under the inlaid and superbly carved bedstead, which lay white and innocent before them, and they left, pronouncing that room, too, "empty." The lieutenant, the last to leave, stepped over the threshold, turning to give a final glance around the room, and just as he did so, one corner of the bedclothes was cautiously lifted, and a beautiful innocent child-face peered out. Then — finding that some one was there — some one who was *looking*, the clothes were hurriedly drawn up again, and the bed lay as before!

Profoundly touched at sight of the frightened baby-face, the

lieutenant stood there motionless, for a moment. Six months before, a tragedy had come to Philippe de Larcy in the sudden death of his only child, a beautiful boy of four, and his touch was very gentle, as pulling down the coverlet, he disclosed the helpless little creature, now softly crying.

“Don’t be frightened, p’tit,” he said, tenderly stroking the golden curls — so like those other curls.

“I only wanted to see if you were real soldiers,” sobbed little Henri. “Ma Sœur said ‘yes,’ and that you would kill Louis and me, if you found us.”

“No, no,” said De Larcy, “that was a mistake, child. Look at me. On my honor as a soldier

and a gentleman, no bodily harm shall come to either of you;" and Henri, looking steadily into the kind face before him, and seeing clearly, as only a child can see, trusted him.

"You have found me, Monsieur," he said, "but," triumphantly, "Louis is so very much hidden that you will never be able to find him." Then, bending near his captor, and with smiles shining through the recent tears, he whispered, "Don't tell, but sister's hidden him in the dark hall-closet, the secret one, you know, an', an' — she covered him all up with th' ol' bearskin, so you see, you never — never can find him."

"And Mademoiselle — your sister — where is she?"

“I do not know, Monsieur, she — she — went away,” and little Henri’s lip quivered.

“Pauvre p’tit,” said the man, “don’t cry.”

“And you are *sure* you are not bad, Monsieur?” asked Henri, a bit anxiously.

“Quite sure, little one. No harm shall come to you, and perhaps later, I may be able to restore you to Mademoiselle — your sister.”

“I am glad ma Sœur was mistaken. My dear Papa was a soldier, too — I see indeed, Monsieur, that you are very good and kind — and I love you,” said Henri, simply, holding out his arms to his captor.

And he, profoundly touched, opened wide his arms and his

heart to the child. The pressure of the small body against him, brought back acutely his own recent loss, and bending his head, he sealed with a close kiss the friendship so strangely begun.

And as long as De Larcy lived, little Henri de Rozel lacked not one powerful friend at court.

Meanwhile, poor Louis, resisting stubbornly, was dragged from his retreat, his beautiful face distorted with grief and rage. Putting him on a horse, and with little Henri held securely in his own arms, the lieutenant gave orders to return to St. Malo, by the woodland path, which the soldiers had discovered. They soon reached the cottage of Madame Charette, which at a



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THE STORY OF

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word from their commander, they silently surrounded.

But though terribly frightened, Madame was no fool, and love had sharpened every sense. The boys had been found indeed, but Marie might yet be saved. Rushing out to meet the soldiers, she threw herself at the commander's feet.

"Oh," she wailed, "I see that you have taken the two boys, but where—oh, where is my foster-child, my darling? What have you done with Marie? Take the two boys as you will, but for God's sake, do not harm her—my child—my baby."

Nothing could have been done to so completely allay the lieutenant's suspicions.

"We have done the girl no

harm," he said, impatiently. "We did not find her — we search for her now," and he glanced curiously toward the cottage.

"But, Monsieur, she *was* at the château. I saw her myself early this morning," insisted the old woman, eagerly. "Suzanne! Daughter! Come thou here, child, and with me pray Monsieur to tell us of our dear one."

And Marie, a huge red handkerchief held tightly to her streaming eyes, and acting well her part, ran out at her supposed mother's call, and kneeling beside her in the dusty road, filled the air with lamentations, the lieutenant insisting angrily, but with suspicions now completely lulled, that he was in absolute igno-

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THE STORY OF

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rance of Mademoiselle's whereabouts, and that he had never even seen her. Nevertheless, he ordered perfunctorily a search made of the cottage, which of course, revealed nothing.

The little company then passed on toward the coast-town, several miles away. And as they went, a boyish head was turned back, and through blinding tears, Marie saw a small white hand waved in farewell. Little Henri was too young to understand what had happened, but Louis *knew*. He had recognized that the kneeling figure before him, with the two *dark* braids of hair, was not Suzanne, the blonde daughter of Mère Charette, but his own dear sister Marie, disguised; and with wits made sharp by the

anxious times, and the sorrows through which he had passed, he said no word, but only waved his hand to her, in a farewell which he feared, poor child, was a final one. So the two boys passed for many years from Marie's life, and that night, as she lay in her foster-sister's narrow bed in the tiny eaves-chamber, planning how she might again get possession of them, her pillow was wet with tears, as she thought of what the future might have in store for them.

Her own plans she had at last decided upon, and after a long consultation with Madame Charette, had finally hit upon the best way of carrying them out.

It had been the habit of Suzanne and the donkey to go once

a week to St. Malo, carrying to the market vegetables and flowers from their tiny farm. And tomorrow being the day, Marie was to go in her place, calling herself, if questioned, "Mlle. Anna," the niece of Madame Charette.

Once in St. Malo, she must keep in hiding, and when opportunity offered, get herself taken to the Island of Jersey. Relatives of her mother's lived there, Huguenots also, who she hoped might give her shelter, or at least, advise her as to the future, and how she might obtain her brothers' release.

Marie had, as a little child, been taken there by her mother, on a visit, and dimly remembered a great grey-stone house, stand-

ing in the midst of beautiful flowers. Also, dimly, its gracious young mistress, and the affectionate welcome she had given to her kinsfolk. In the picture there was always a golden-haired boy, older and taller than she, who, to amuse her, had ridden a fiercely prancing pony up and down, to her extreme terror.

But for years now, there had been no communication between the two families, for the De Rozels were passing through black days of trouble and anxiety, and had no thought or heart for outside matters. It was to these people that little Marie decided to go first. In carrying out her rôle of Mère Charette's niece, she would on

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THE STORY OF

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her way to St. Malo continue to wear Suzanne's dress, adding to it the blessedly large, all-concealing cap, which every young peasant-girl wore when going abroad. Around her slender throat an old brown scarf was to be wound, for, being "‘en-rhumée,' my niece will not be expected to speak much," was Mère Charette's shrewd suggestion. Now that the immediate danger was past, all the peasant-woman's natural quick-wittedness had come once more into play.

"Thankful must we be that thou speakest so well our patois; it is thy salvation," she said; "and good also is it that Joti knows and likes thee" (and here Madame glanced over her shoul-

der, and instinctively lowered her voice). "He has such strong convictions, has Joti."

"Yes," said Marie, smiling, "I know."

"Well, chérie," said Mère Charette, as she gave a tender good-night kiss to her foster-child, "the plan we have settled on is full of peril, full of dangers, but we know of none better. Thou wilt use caution — caution at every step — and we are all in the good God's hands. Of Him we will ask care and protection;" and the two, Catholic and Huguenot, knelt reverently.

The day, a glorious one, dawned, and during the morning all preparations were made. After a simple noonday meal, they were to start, for it had



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THE STORY OF

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been planned that Marie should arrive in St. Malo after darkness had fallen. She was to go directly to the inn-stable of the "Trois Couronnes," where she would find Pierre—honest Pierre Gaspard—in charge. She could confide her story to him with safety, if she thought best, and he would give her all help. If possible, she was to avoid entering the "auberge" itself, as in a crowded, noisy inn, and particularly from its mistress, a bustling busybody, Mère Charette feared detection. Marie, being now ready, Joti, the donkey, was led out. He cast a suspicious eye upon his new mistress, but finally remembering many propitiatory gifts from her in the past, made up his mind that all

was well. He was at heart an estimable beast, whose rule over the famille Charette was, although firm, a wise and just one.

The two huge pannier-baskets were placed upon him, well-filled with vegetables and hung one on either side, balanced with the nice skill which long practice had given to Madame Charette. Upon the vegetables were to be placed small boxes, containing brilliant scarlet geraniums and other flowering plants — all to be sold at market the next day.

And now a critical time had arrived.

For, to this frivolous addition of flowers, Joti *always* objected, considering it a studied insult to a middle-aged business donkey of serious bent. Had he known

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THE STORY OF

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how deliciously his old grey-brown back harmonized with the gay scarlet flowers on either side, he might have become reconciled — he had his share of vanity. If human beings sometimes act like donkeys, why may not donkeys, in turn, display human characteristics?

For ten minutes the battle raged hotly,—Madame Charette's shrill cries of "Na, na, thou knowest thou *must* submit," rising above Joti's grumbling, determined protest. In the end, convinced that resistance was useless, the humiliated donkey submitted, and bore with outward meekness his crown of flowers.

A promise to send early word of her well-being, a final kiss

and an embrace, in which all the loving tenderness of the peasant-woman for her foster-child came out, and then poor little Marie, blinded by tears and stumbling in the coarse wooden sabots, started on her sad journey. At the top of the long hill she turned and looked back for the last time,—first at the home of her father, where she was born and had spent her child-years. High, clear-cut against the horizon, the deserted house stood, looking down upon the last member of the De Rozels fleeing for her life!

“Farewell forever, dear home,” whispered Marie. Then a lingering, tender look at the little brown cottage in its gay floral setting, at the door of which she

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THE STORY OF

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could still see Mère Charette herself waving a handkerchief — a handkerchief which she well knew was wet with loving tears. Waving her own in return, she seated herself on a rock by the roadside and sobbed aloud.

The donkey, meanwhile, having pulled himself and his load up the long, dusty hill, saw no reason for lingering or looking back, and went steadily on toward St. Malo. “Joti, stop!” cried Marie, becoming aware of his defection. But as Joti had never allowed himself to be influenced by the pleading human voice, he did not pause for one instant.

On and on, mile after mile, trudged the two, Marie’s mind heavy with thoughts of the future.

Three long rests were taken, the donkey deciding upon place and duration. What he considered necessary for his physical well-being' he took, but scrupulously honorable, he never indulged himself by remaining one second overtime. By this conduct, by careful attention to duty, had he earned the respect of those who were privileged to know him. Poor Marie would fain have lingered several times, for the heavy wooden sabots had sorely bruised her tender feet, while the walk over the rough country-road was a hard task to the gently nurtured girl. Joti, however, was adamant.

But at last, after having reached the top of a very long, steep hill, when Marie, stum-

bling, dazed, was almost ready to drop from fatigue, the donkey stopped of his own accord, took a full, deep breath, and gave vent to a peculiarly rich, sonorous bray. Marie, looking up, saw lying before her, stretching blue and unbroken to the distant horizon, the ocean, which to her meant escape, freedom, and perhaps life itself. One part of her journey had been accomplished, for at her feet, nestling in a protecting curve of land, lay the coast-town of St. Malo-sur-Mer.

Remembering the counsels of Madame Charette, Marie now wound about her slender throat the long, red, woollen scarf, her badge of invalidism.

It was the hour of the evening meal, and a short walk through

quiet, almost deserted streets, brought them to the door of the "Trois Couronnes." The donkey led the way to the stable, at the door of which stood Pierre, waiting, if it must be confessed, for Joti, and, to confess more (quite confidentially), for his mistress — pretty little Suzanne.

"Joti, ici, mon cher ami," began Pierre, pleadingly, holding out a seductive carrot.

Slowly, with perfect dignity, did Joti approach, betraying not the slightest interest in any growing thing. When within a few inches of Pierre's hand, he allowed an approving eye to rest upon the carrot, and opening absent-mindedly his mouth, received the respectfully inserted vegetable.



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THE STORY OF

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Now slowly, and for the first time, did bashful Pierre raise his honest blue eyes — not to Suzanne, but to a stranger.

“Ciel!” he cried, starting back. “’T is not Mademoiselle Suzanne. What does it mean? I—I thought — you see, Joti and the familiar dress and —” Helplessly bewildered, the honest lad looked at Marie.

And she, remembering one or two things coquettish little Suzanne had said concerning this same Pierre, understood the situation.

In a hoarse voice she explained that Suzanne had been unable to come, and that she, — her cousin, — although suffering from a heavy cold, had consented to

come in her place. This all in the familiar "patois."

But honest Pierre was shrewd, and love had sharpened his wits still more. He could not tell why, but in spite of dress, in spite of "patois," he knew well that this was no "paysanne" who stood before him. And, *ah ha!* had not the soldiers brought into St. Malo only the night before the two little De Rozel messieurs, and was not a vigorous search being made for Mademoiselle, their sister? And Suzanne — his Suzanne — was the foster-sister of Mademoiselle. Moreover, he knew that she loved Marie tenderly. Her friends were his friends. It was enough.

This all passed through his

mind like a flash, and bowing respectfully before the young girl, he said slowly:

“No, Mademoiselle, forgive me, — do not be afraid, but you are not the cousin of Suzanne. You are Mademoiselle de Rozel.”

Sinking upon her knees, poor frightened little Marie implored Pierre not to betray her; but one look into his honest blue eyes convinced her that she had nothing here to fear,—that instead, she had found a loyal friend.

“You may trust me, Mademoiselle,” said Pierre, simply. “What is in my power to do for you, that I will do. But wait. First, I must attend to Joti.”

Lifting the heavy vegetable-baskets, with their obnoxious

crown of flowers, Pierre placed them on the floor, in the corner. Then, giving the tired donkey a vigorous "rub-down" and a drink of water, he led him to the stall which had from time immemorial been allotted to him. Soberly, slowly, Joti walked to it, and so passed from Marie's life.

By Pierre's advice Marie kept away entirely from the inn, remaining in hiding in the stable itself. Climbing with some difficulty the steep, narrow stairs which led to the upper loft, she bathed her poor bruised feet in spring-water, which Pierre brought her. Then throwing herself on the sweet hay, she fell immediately into a sound sleep.

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THE STORY OF

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Pierre, who had sovereign power in the stable, gave the evening to his astonished and delighted assistants, who stood not upon the order of their going. Next, locking the loft-door, he put the key in his pocket, and after a hurried lunch in the kitchen (a portion of which luncheon he managed to secrete in his jacket-pocket) he came back to the stable and remained on guard. Two hours later the young girl awoke, greatly refreshed. Knocking timidly at the door, Pierre opened it and gave her bread and a drink of milk, which a sleepy, indignant goat had supplied a short time before. After this, Marie confided her plan to the young man, who listened attentively.

“So far all is well,” he said, “for no one has seen you but me. No one suspects you are here. But, Mademoiselle, if I am to help you, I must give the matter grave thought. To-night, you will sleep on the hay above, while I keep guard below. Do not fear — for if the worst came — if you *should* be found, remember you are Anne, niece of Mère Charette; and Joti and the flowers (which, hélas, I forgot to water) should be, to most people, full proof of your identity. I go now on an errand, Mademoiselle. I give you the stair-key, but pray, go you again to your hiding-place.”

The young girl obeyed and for some time sat quietly on the hay, thinking sadly of her two little

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THE STORY OF

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brothers and of the future. The moon was now at its full, and the loft brightly lighted. Going to its one small window, Marie could see the ocean. A path, bordered on each side by shrubs and dwarf-oaks, led from the back of the stable directly to it, and a longing came to the girl to wander down this path and stand by the water's edge.

"The bushes on each side will conceal me," she reasoned.

Down the stairs and through the now silent stable, she crept. From the inn came the sound of many voices, laughing and talking, but no one was in sight, and unseen she gained the path. The cool night air caressed her, and tired and discouraged though she was, her spirits rose. On

and on she wandered, till at last, after climbing a steep little bluff, she found the sea itself, lapping the beach at her feet. And here a feeling of great loneliness o'ercame her, a realization of her own wretched position; and throwing herself prone on the damp ground, the poor child burst into passionate sobs. Lost to all, she did not hear footsteps, heavy footsteps approaching, and she gave a frightened cry when a rough hand was placed on her shoulder, and a voice said, in English:

“Arrah, thayre, little gerrl, fhot's dthe throuble wid ye? An' — an' — who arre ye, annyhow?”

“Me, Monsieur? .Ooh, I am Mlle. Anna, ze niece of Madame Charette of Rozel. I — I cam’



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THE STORY OF

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for to selling veg'tables and flow'r;" and she tried to pass.

"Arrah, now to think o' that," said the big man, stroking his rough chin slowly. "I am surprised. Ye say dthat ye're a little flower-gerrl, an' dthat ye came fr'm dthe counthry. Well, I dunno: P'raps 't is dthe trut', but be dthe same token, 'tis shtrange dthat a gerrl loike dthat c'uld be shpakin' — *English*. Now, d'ye know, I sh'd dthink ye'd betther be afther dthinkin' dthat over wanct more, ter mak' shure dthat ye arre dthat same."

Marie, in dismay, realized that the man's suspicions were aroused, but, lifting her head bravely, she gazed earnestly into his face. She saw a square chin,

surmounted by a firm mouth and enormous nose, a low forehead, and aggressively bristling hair, and lastly she found herself looking through twinkling, kindly blue eyes at the honest man behind them; for, like a child, she saw clearly, and recognized that a friend had again been sent to her. Trusting to her intuition, she once more decided to confide her story to a stranger, who could not look so good, she thought, and be a bad man. So—haltingly, trembling with apprehension, she told of the past and the planned future, and the man said:

“Be jabers, I dthought so. I sushpected dthat *you* were dthe little lady f’r who dthe rewarrd were offur’d, an’ dthe sarrch

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THE STORY OF

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bein' made in St. Malo. Arrah, but ye done well ter shtroll here dthe night—an' well too, ter wail so bittherly yonder, for be ye Maddthermerzelle or no, Cat'-lic or Hug'not (may dthe saints presairve us!) ye 're just a shlip av a gerrl, annyhow, an' ye 're in throuble, an' I manes ter shtan' by. How auld arre ye?"

"Sixteen, dis mont', Monsieur."

"Do ye say dthat, now? Ooh, 't is dthe very age av me Merier. For, look ye, Oi 've a gerrl av me own, an' may Hiven presairve her fr'm iver bein' in anny Hug'not shtrait loike dthis. Dthe name — 'Merier' — is dthe same too, dthough a' coorse, us Irish pronounce it betther dthan anny furrin Frinch perrson c'uld do ut. *Moy* name" — and here the

man made a clumsy bow — “is McCarthy, but I’ve anodther handle ter me name, for —” and here he smiled down paternally upon Marie, “listen till I tell yez. Oi’m *Captain* McCarthy, masther an’ parrt owner av dthe sloop ‘Merier,’ dthe illigantest an’ dthe fashtest boat (dthough I do be sayin’ it) in dthese warthers. Indade, d’ye know, I dthink, in a shtrait, she’d *git* dthere before she shtarted!”

Here, bending low, Captain McCarthy added impressively:

“Dthe ‘Merier’ intinds ter sail at dthe full o’ dthe tide to-morrer mornin’ at *four*. Now, she’s niver been called a *passenger* boat — but — but —”

Springing to her feet, Marie seized the Captain’s hand. “You

will help of me, Monsieur? You have ze intent to tak' me weez you? Ooh, may le bon Dieu reward you!"

"You be here to-morrer, an' a boat 'll row ye out ter dthe 'Merier,' which 'll be anchored near. At about four, to-mor— Well, well—I dunno. Shtop now. Where 'll ye be shtayin'?"

Marie told him, and of the one window in the loft, which looked toward the sea.

"Lave ut open dthe night, go ter shleep, an' whin dthe right time comes, I 'll be undther dthe winder, an' I 'll give ye a signal—some signal—now, I 'll—I 'll—dthink ut over. *Shtop!* I have ut," and here the Captain laughed heartily. "Gaze upon me face, Maddthermerzelle. Look

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MARIE DE ROZEL-HUGUENOT

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per'tic'ler at me nose. 'T is aqual ter none. Now, tell me thrue, did ye iver see so larrge a wan?"

Marie, though a little frightened at the sudden change in the conversation, looked — and admitted timidly that she never remembered to have seen one like it.

"I knew ut — it shtan's *alone!* Now, in dthis worrld," continued the Captain, sententiously, "some is noted f'r wan dthing, an' some f'r anodther, an' some poor dthings is n't, at all. Now, us McCarthys arre noted — celebrated all dthrough County Corrk, f'r our noses. Fr'm fadther to son, it has cam' down to us f'r ginerations. Beautiful it may not be, but useful it aften is

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THE STORY OF

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— annyhow 't is dthe most use-  
ful nose iver *I* had. Listen till  
I show ye.”

Applying to it a large red hand-  
kerchief, the Captain emitted a  
loud, sonorous blast, which awoke  
the echoes, and made even Joti's  
performance appear as nothing.

“Now, did ye iver hear dthe  
loikes o' dthat?” demanded the  
Captain, proudly, evidently grati-  
fied by the impression he had  
produced. “An' d'ye know, as  
I was sayin', all dthe McCarthys  
f'r ginerations back c'ld do ut.  
Fr'm fadther ter son, it cam'  
down to us. I betthered me  
fadther. Ooh, but I had dthe  
grreat-uncle, before who I had  
to tak' aff me hat! But now to  
our own throubles, an' marrk  
well fwat I do be afther tellin'

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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yez. In the marrnin', at dthe full o' dthe tide, I'll be undther dthe winder, an' I'll ser'nade ye, an' whin ye do be hearin' me *so-lo*, washte no toime, f'r dthere isn't anny, but hashte ye down. An' listen till I tell yez, an' pondther well me worrds. Wanst aboard dthe 'Merier,' no Frinchman'll iver be able ter catch up wid yez. I'm on me way ter Shpain, an' — an' — it's hurried I am, mesilf."

"To *Spain*, Monsieur?" gasped Marie. "You go for Spain?"

"Ay, ay, dthat's dthe trut'; I go ter Shpain—vi-a dthe Isle o' Jarrys. Well, well, now an' didn't ye be afther knowin' 't was in dthe di-rec' thrack? Why, av coorse, me dear, I go widthin a shtone's throw



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THE STORY OF

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o' dthe island," lied this good man.

"Ooh, I am mos' glad. Heav-en have indeed been good at me;" and little Marie sank to her knees in prayer, while Captain McCarthy removed his cap and cleared his throat vigorously.

"'N' dthat prayer, be it iver so Hug'not, 'll go shtraight oop," he muttered.

"To you, my dear Captain, I veel not say any t'anks, I could not," said Marie, simply. "I vill be veeth you to-morrow, when you—*blow* at me," and here two roguish dimples appeared, and the girl gave a hearty laugh, in which the Captain joined.

Then he went to the village, by the little-used path, while

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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Marie returned to the stable, regaining her attic unseen.

Soon after, Pierre returned and hearing the good news, rejoiced with Marie. He promised if all went well to take the story of Mademoiselle's escape to Madame Charette, when he returned the donkey. "And if by chance you should see Suzanne, give to her my dear love," added the girl, mischievously. To this commission also, honest Pierre, with many blushes, promised to attend. And then—they parted, Marie giving grateful thanks to the good lad for his kindness.

The night was a troubled one to her—she slept but little. "Will he come?" she asked herself again and again. Just

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THE STORY OF

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as the sun peeped above the horizon, she dropped asleep, only to be aroused by the sound — the unmistakable sound — which told her that the Captain was on hand. Running to the little window, she peered anxiously out, and saw, standing in the narrow path, the dim figure of a man, who was just preparing to repeat his wonderful performance. Warding off this possibility, by waving her handkerchief, Marie gathered together her poor little worldly possessions — among them the silver christening-bowl — and tying them in the handkerchief, stole down the stairs and through the dark stable to meet the Captain.

“Whisht now, no talkin’,” he said, in a hoarse whisper, when

she joined him. "'T is darrk, I know, but I thrusht no Frinchman, even whin he ain't dthere."

With the fresh sea-air blowing in their faces, the man and the trembling girl felt their way down the path. The spot reached where they had held their talk of the evening before, Captain McCarthy helped Marie down the steep embankment and into a waiting rowboat, manned by two stout red-cheeked Irish lads. With muffled oars they rowed swiftly toward the "Maria," which, sails up, was in waiting for an immediate start.

"Good luck's wid us dthe marrn, f'r a light wind's dthe 'Merier's' best frind, whilst out ferninst, makin' hashte to-ward us, is a bit av fog. Begorra,

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THE STORY OF

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dthim poor Frinchies 'll have no chanst at all wid us."

They had reached the sloop, Marie had been helped aboard, and the boat drawn up, when suddenly across the water a shout — a long-drawn "hallo-o-o" — came toward them from the shore, from the *fort*.

A sleepy sentry walking up and down, up and down, had seen the suspicious boat shoot out from the beach and had given the alarm. An examination had notified them that with the three men there was a woman, and order for immediate pursuit was given.

"Dthey 're on to us, b'ys! Up anchor, and away!" thundered the Captain. "We 'll save dthe little gerrl. 'T is Oireland against

the Frinch nation. An Irishman doan't like ter *rrun*, but, if he must, he 'll go *fasht!*

The sun had now crept above the horizon, and from the deck of the "Maria" men could be seen at the fort, running hither and thither in confusion. Finally a long-boat manned by sleepy soldiers shot out from shore.

On the "Maria" itself, after the first hurry and confusion of getting under way, quiet and peace had settled, for, with convincing swiftness, the tight little craft was stealing over the water, increasing with each instant the distance between herself and her pursuers, and approaching the kindly white mist, which was creeping ever nearer.

"Dthim sodjers 'ad betther go

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THE STORY OF

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back, before dthey go on," remarked the Captain. "An' afther all, 't is mesilf have done well by um be eshcapin', f'r I gave dthim dthe chanst ter go home an' attind more shtric'ly ter dtheir own affairs."

From the boat one menacing shot rang out, wide of the mark, then, realizing the utter folly of pursuit against such odds, the men rested for a moment, and the sergeant gave the order to return.

The fog-cloud crept up, touched and then hid the "Maria" from their straining eyes, stole up to them and beyond to St. Malo, taking possession first of the unresisting forts, and finally of the village itself, over which it settled heavily, and solicitously

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MARIE DE ROZEL-HUGUENOT

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tucking up its edges, effaced the busy little town from the earth!

And out on the wide waters, through the vague uncertainty, crept the "Maria," sailing to Spain *via* the Island of Jersey.

Poor little Marie, though greatly shaken by her escape, and by all she had been through, slept soundly on the clean bed which these rough, kindly men had prepared for her below.

When told that the Jersey coast was in sight, she came on deck and stood gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at what she hoped might be her future home. Here the Captain joined her, and told her that he expected to remain in port for several hours.

"An' listen now, Maddthermerzelle, ter fwat I say. If



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THE STORY OF

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dthim furrin' relatives up yonderr doan't tak' kindly ter dthe little lady-cousin, which 'as honored dthim be comin' to dthim, dthin, remimber, an' doan't fer git it aither, dthat dthe 'Merier' 'll be sailin' home agin in a couple o' weeks, fr'm Shpain ter Corrk, shtoppin', as usual, f'r, — f'r *warrther*" (and here the good Captain's face twitched a bit), "shtoppin', I say, at Jarrysy, it bein', so ter shpeak, on dthe di-rec' road, an' wedther ye shtay timp'ry or perrm'nint, af ye find, Maddthermerzelle, dthat dthere 's not room an' ter shpare, in dthe Big-House an' in dthe hearrts av its owners, too, — well, remimber, dthere 'll be iver an' always dthe room in a little house in Corrk, fwhere Merier an' dthe owld

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MARIE DE ROZEL-HUGUENOT

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woman 'll welcome wid wide-open arrms dthe poor, lonesome, homeless little gerrl — dthe grand Maddthermerzelle de Ro-zel.”

And to this offer the “poor little Maddthermerzelle” could make no answer, for her face was buried on the shoulder of the good man who made it.

“Whisht now! None o' dthat. No wailin' here, — I — I can't have it on the boat, I tell ye;” and wiping his own streaming eyes, the Captain proceeded hurriedly to give some kindly, wise advice to the lonely girl. He comforted her greatly by telling her that he believed no harm would come to her little brothers.

“Av coorse, I dunno f'r *shure*, f'r I'm no prophisier av dthe

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THE STORY OF

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future, an' I doan't call mesilf immaculate, but I belave dthey'll be kindly threated;" and he promised to try and find out something of them later, when next he touched at St. Malo, "Dthough I'm thinkin'," he added, "dthat dthe more I'm not dthere at dthe prisint toime, dthe betther it'll be f'r me healt'."

"Ooh. Pray be of care," pleaded Marie, her tender eyes big with anxiety. "My dear frien', for de sak' of me an' your leetle girl at hom' you weel tak' a care at yourself?"

"Be jabers, wid two sich wans pl'adin' f'r me, I'll putt mesilf undther a glash case," was the Captain's answer.

Soon after this the "Maria"

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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cast anchor, and the shore-boat was lowered. Marie went up to the Captain and simply, like a child, put her arms about his neck and kissed his honest weather-beaten cheek. And the eyes of the rough men standing about were misty, as they sprang to help the little lady in the peasant-dress into the boat which was waiting alongside.

“An’ now,” admonished the Captain, “doan’t wail, ashtore, fwativer ye do, an’ remimber dthat dthe ‘Me-rier’ ’ll be shtop-pin’ on her way home, an’ ’ll be glad an’ proud av a passenger.”

“I veel remember, an’—I veel remember you all, forever,” said Marie.

“An’ now, mavourneen, good-bye t’ ye, good-bye, little gerri,

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THE STORY OF

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an' may dthe good God be iver near ye."

A last hand-clasp, a waving handkerchief as the boat drew away, and then Marie was gone; though the memory of her sweet face, with its tear-filled eyes, remained with the Captain and crew for many days.

The Captain's fears as to Marie's reception proved groundless, however, for in the Big-House on the hill there was "room and to spare."

When its mistress, Madame Poignand, discovered who the lovely child-girl was, she opened "arms and heart" wide to receive her, and her love and tender care toward Marie were never-ending. It was peace indeed, for body and mind, and in time, with these

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MARIE DE ROZEL-HUGUENOT

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happy influences and surroundings, she became her own gay, light-hearted self again. As the result of careful inquiries, instituted by the Poignands, she learned that her two brothers had been adopted by kind people in France, and that they were well and happy. A letter — an anonymous letter — to this effect reached her in the spring of each year, though all efforts to learn of their whereabouts, to see or communicate directly with Louis or Henri, proved unsuccessful.

In the big Poignand household, Marie took the place of a daughter. She helped with the younger boys, and attended to many little matters about the house, arranging the flowers from its surround-

ing gardens, visiting the sick, and by her bright, sunny sweetness, endearing herself greatly to all.

“Many sons I have,” said Madame Poignand, “and now a sweet daughter has been given me, who, I trust, will always be near me.”

And these words sank deep into the heart of Pierre, the eldest son, a tall, handsome fellow, who turned out to be the daring pony-rider of Marie's youth! He returned from a long sea-voyage, after she had been for two years one of the household. Being a most dutiful son, he pondered well his mother's words in regard to Marie, in his heart agreeing enthusiastically as to the desirability of keeping her always in the family. Then, as the days went by, and the two young peo-

ple learned to know each other well, love came to them both, and with Madame Poignand's heartfelt blessing, little Marie entered upon her womanhood and happiness. But her story does not end here, for other chapters follow, bringing in turn joys a-plenty, but, alas, their share of pain and sorrow, as well.

Two years after their marriage, Madame Poignand died, not long after the birth of her first grandchild. Many children were sent to Marie, — the grey old walls of the Big-House echoed to their laughter.

As Pierre's business called him much from home, the entire responsibility of the household, with its many duties, fell upon Marie — the care and upbringing



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THE STORY OF

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of her large family of children, and her many outside charities. Able helpers she found in her old friends Pierre Gaspard and his wife, Suzanne, her foster-sister, who were installed as lodge-keepers. Mère Charette was dead, made glad at the end by the knowledge of her foster-child's and Suzanne's good fortune.

In the yard at the back of the Gaspard cottage, lived for several years a very old and incredibly obstinate donkey, who by some means managed to keep the family and surrounding cottagers in pitiful subjection.

Once each year, in the spring, the sloop "Maria" dropped anchor in the harbor, while Captain McCarthy, grown grey

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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and a bit stouter, paid his respects to "little Maddthermerzelle" as he still called her. Once he was accompanied by his grandchild, a fat, pink little person, who bore pluckily the name "Me-rier M'ree de Rozel — *Mahoney!*"

Busied one morning among her roses, which were the pride and joy of the island-people, Marie was accosted by two strangers, wearing the hated dress of Catholic priests.

"Are we addressing Madame Poignand?" they asked.

Coldly she bowed her head in assent.

"Née De Rozel, of Rozel, Prov. Bretagne, in France?"

"Yes," she answered wonderingly, now looking more closely

at the two men before her. One, the younger, was extremely fair, with golden hair and blue, somewhat cold eyes, retaining much of the unthinking, indifferent child-look. The other priest was tall and slender, with a beautiful face. But the face was white and drawn, and the look of suffering in the solemn dark eyes moved Marie's tender heart to quick instinctive pity; for she saw that this man was ill—with mortal illness.

But as she looked she saw *more!* For the sad eyes gazing into hers had a strangely familiar look. Who was this man standing before her—the two men, who had known and who had asked of her by her maiden name?

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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And then suddenly the knowledge came to her. The color left her face — the crimson roses fell from her shaking hands.

“No, no,” she gasped, — “not that; it cannot be. Rozel, the Huguenot De Rozels, *priests!*”

“We *are* your brothers,” they answered, “Louis and Henri de Rozel.”

But the training for generations back was too strong. Gentle Marie remembered only the bitter wrongs, the terrible persecutions her people had suffered at the hands of the hated Catholics, and lifting her head haughtily, she said coldly, though with quivering lips:

“Messieurs, it is a mistake. You are not my brothers. It is impossible — for, no De Rozel

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THE STORY OF

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was ever a *traitor*, and for a Rozel to wear that dress is to *be a traitor.*”

Silently the two men stood, at the cruel words, then slowly the flaming red rose to the cheeks of the younger priest, an angry retort to his lips, when the elder, with a low-whispered word, put his arm within his, and the two walked a short distance down the path, while poor Marie sank to the ground, her crushed roses about her.

“Cruel, cruel. How *could* they do it?” she sobbed bitterly.

A light touch on her shoulder roused her, and she heard a tender voice saying:

“Marie, little sister, we will not go into the question of right and wrong, now. We are what

our childhood-training, the training of years, has made us, Henri and I. To him, the far past is a sealed book. But I, being older, have not forgotten the child-years. My father—my mother, I remember well. I pray for them, and hope and believe that I shall meet them again. My sister, listen: I—am dying; they tell me that when the midsummer flowers blossom I shall not be here to see them. They gave me permission to come to you, for I longed with a great longing to see again the little mother-sister, who was so good to me, and—to bid her farewell—forever. Do not, dear, let us part thus. ‘*P’tite Maman*’—ah, then thou dost remember?”

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THE STORY OF

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For, at that familiar childhood name, Marie, forgetting the long years, the hated dress, — everything, save that this was Louis, her little brother Louis, whom she had idolized, — ran to him and putting her two arms about his neck, kissed him tenderly.

“Not Huguenot, not Catholic, but just brother and sister, Marie and little Louis,” he whispered. For a moment he held her thus, and then, with one long tender look into her sweet face, he left her.

“Fare thee well, dear. And may God’s blessing rest ever upon thee.”

Through tear-dimmed eyes, Marie saw the tall, black-robed figure join the other; and the two disappeared from the top of

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MARIE DE ROZEL—HUGUENOT

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the hill and from her life for all time.

A few years after this, Marie was called upon to bid another long farewell, now to her eldest son, David, who, having grown to manhood, was to undertake, as had many of their neighbors, the perilous trip to strange, far-away America, where fortunes were so quickly made, 't was said, with little or no labor.

Though Marie never saw him again, letters — slow-coming and uncertain — reached her which told of his well-being, and then of his marriage with Delicia Amiraux, the daughter of a former neighbor in Jersey.

And to him, in the busy New World, came word at last of his mother's death.



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MARIE DE ROZEL-HUGUENOT

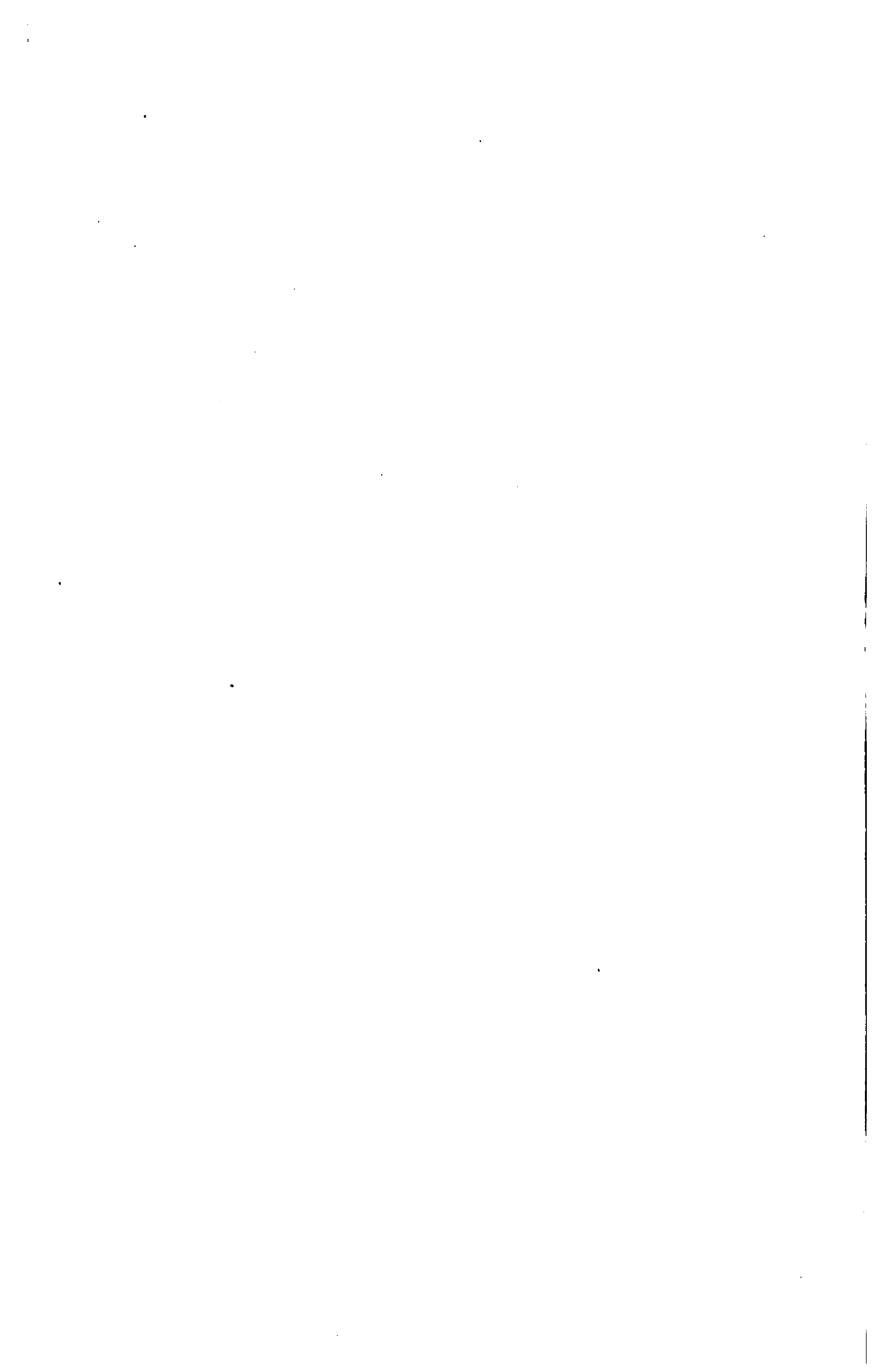
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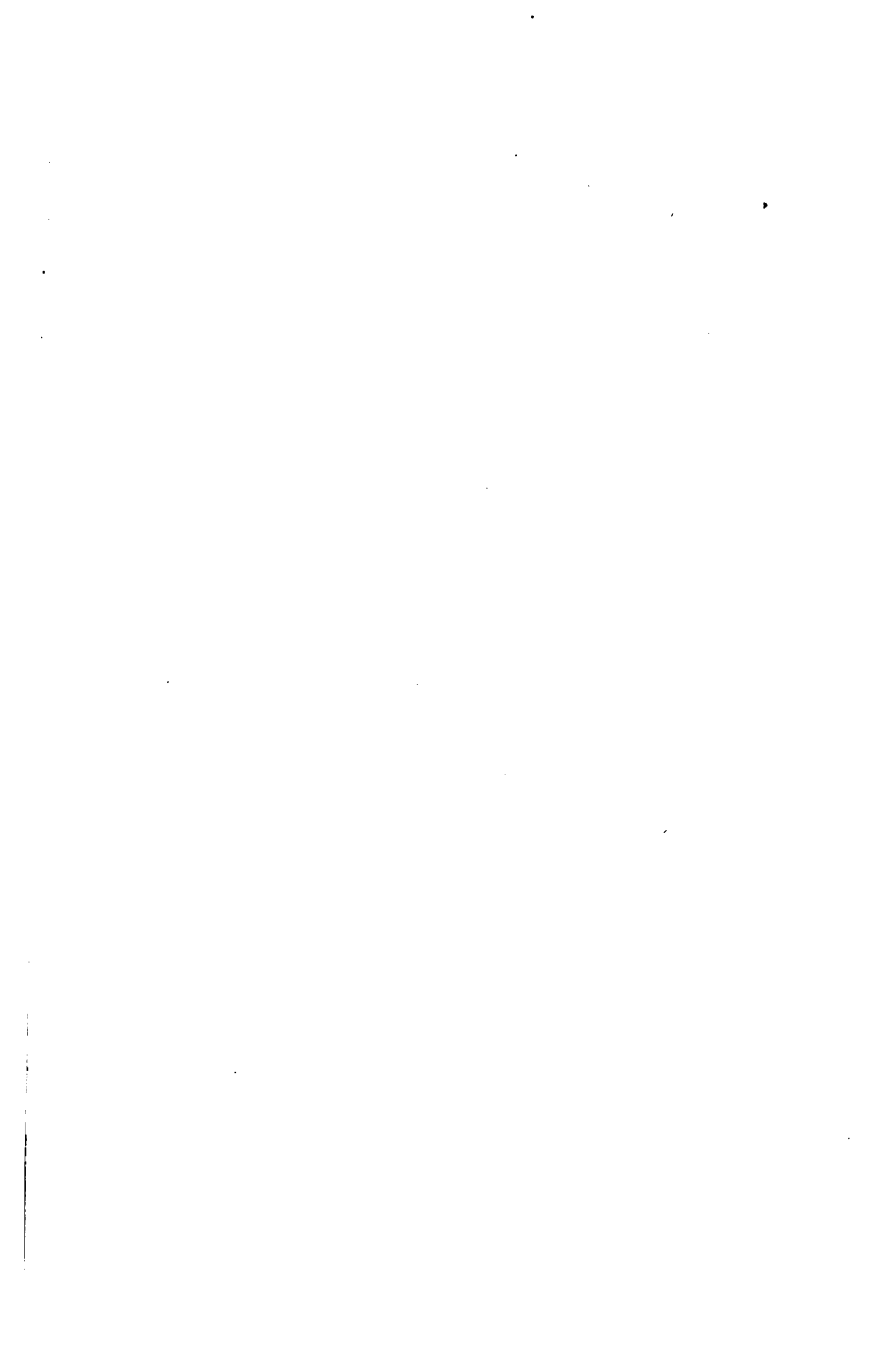
“On the 18th of September, on the Island of Jersey, Marie de Rozel Poignand, in the 89th year of her age.”

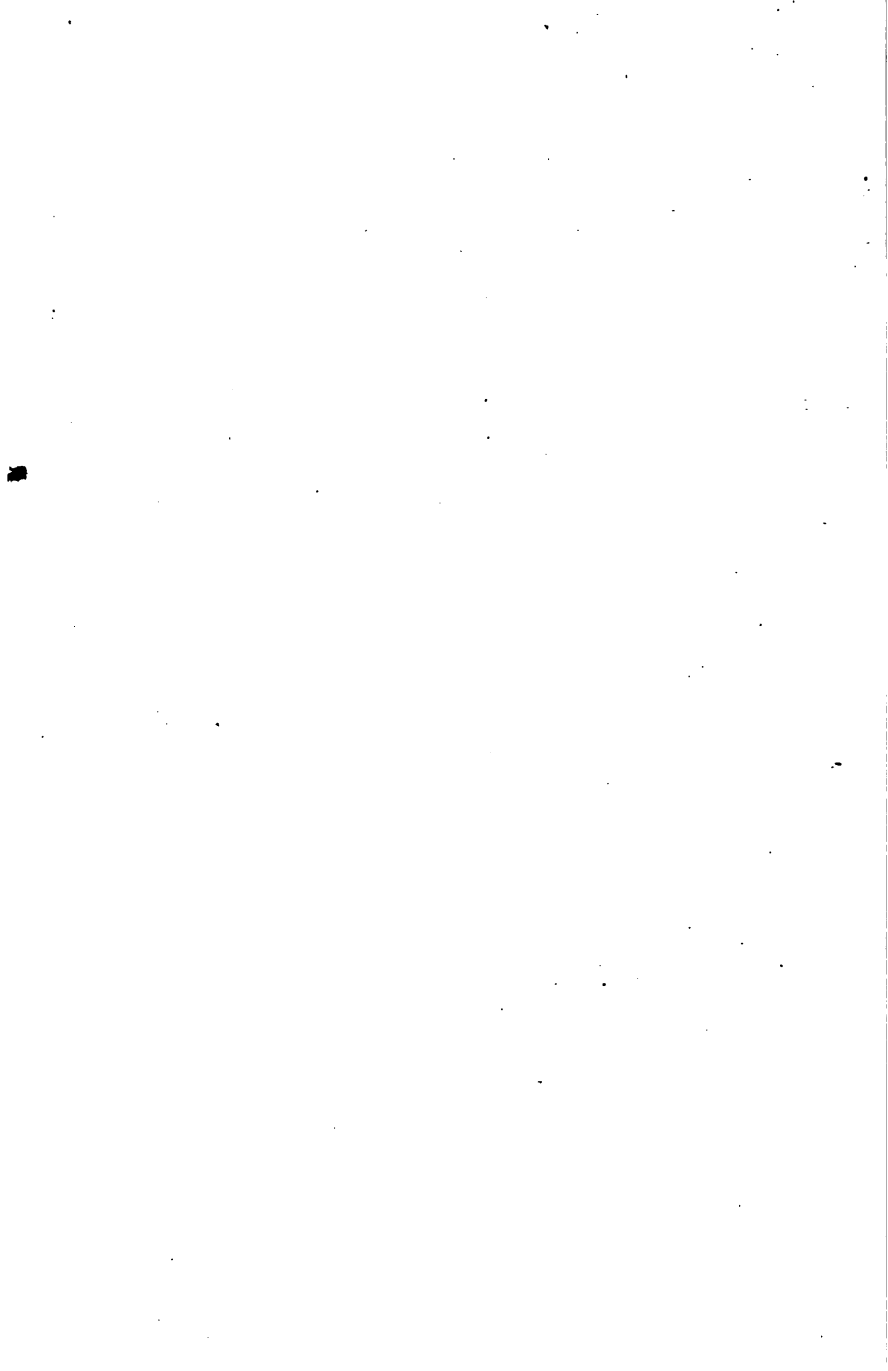
But before her death Marie had the happiness of knowing of the birth of a little granddaughter in far-away America.

That grandchild grew up, as even the most carefully guarded grandchildren will do. In the fulness of time she married, and it is the wife of *her* grandson who through the separating years has groped into the dim past, and has told this story, the true story, of Marie de Rozel, whose miniature-ring she is now wearing.









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